

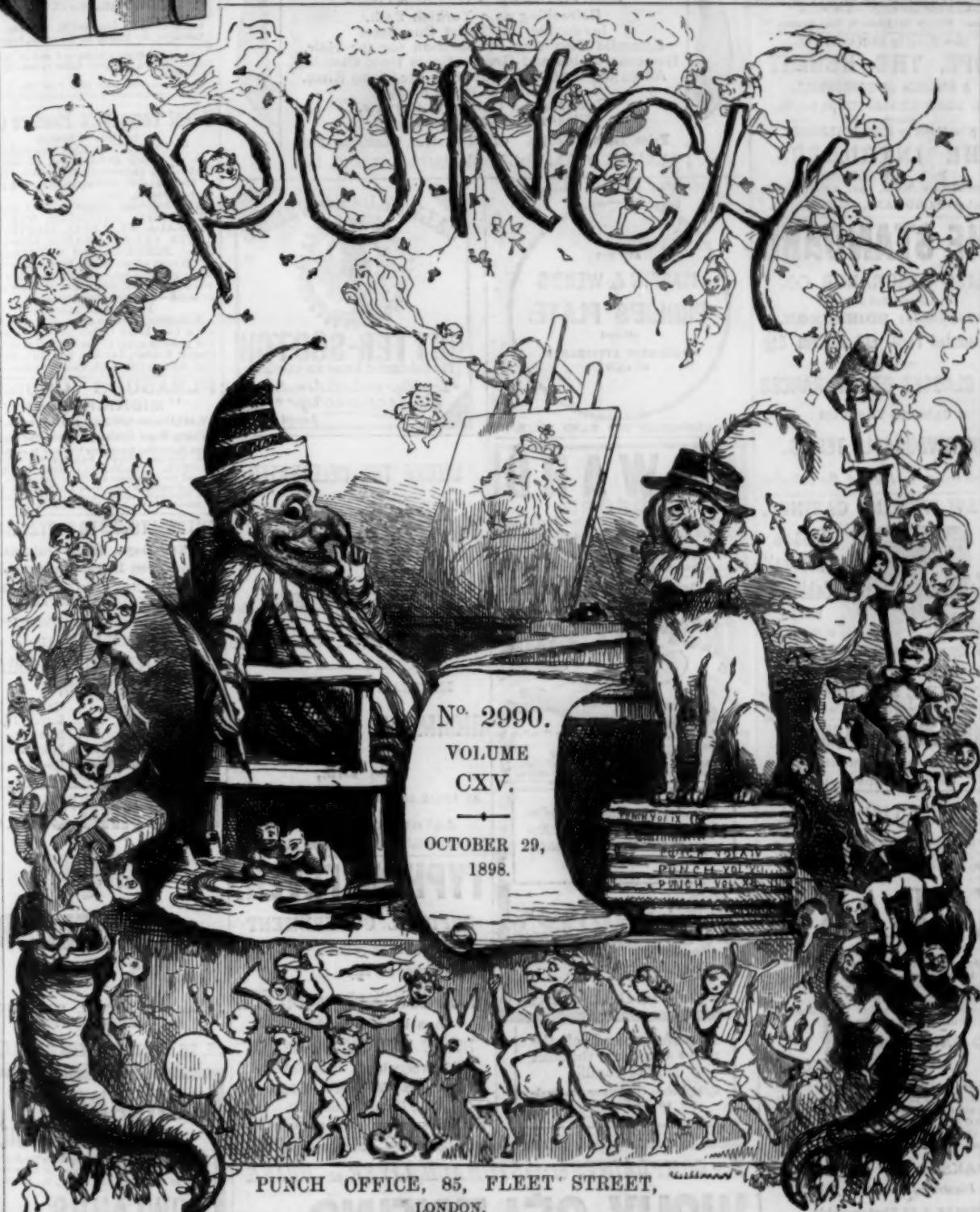
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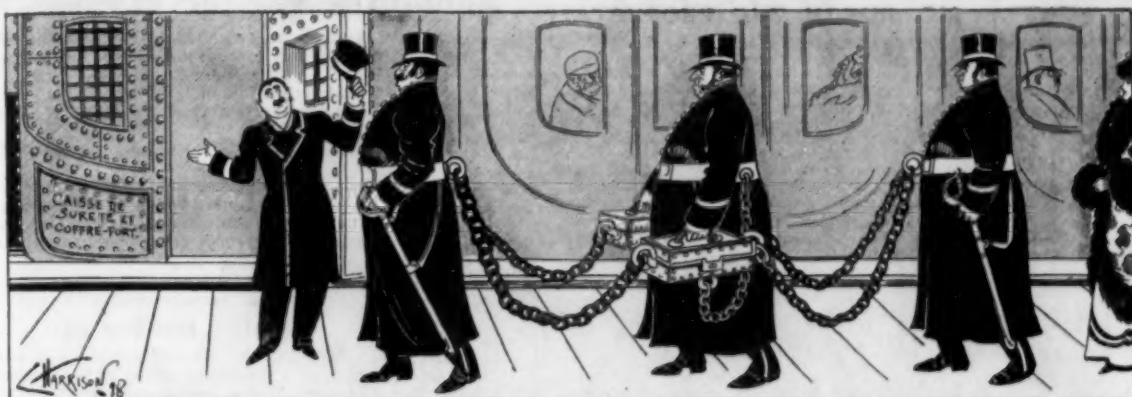
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## HOW TO "RUN" EGYPT.

PROPOSAL for a syndicate to purchase the whole country and transfer it to

## A PUBLIC COMPANY.

An adventurous commercial correspondent sends us the following ideas on how to "run" the land of the Pharaohs on paying terms. Even the Desert is to be exploited. He says there is lots of grit in it—and we agree with him in this. Lack of enterprise can certainly not be attributed to this gentleman. In fact, with luck, we confidently look forward to his taking a front place (in the dock), and ultimately obtaining a Government appointment for at least seven years. Sooner or later we feel sure he will accomplish this feat. These are the leading features in his scheme :

1. That a company be forthwith formed of which Mr. Punch shall be Chairman."

2. That a large and commodious hotel, a music-hall, a railway station, and an open Stock Exchange be at once established at Omdurman.

3. That a co-operative store be started on the banks of the Nile and close to Omdurman.

4. A small piece of the MAHDI's tomb will be given away with every pound of the company's one-and-tuppence tea. A large profit—profit, I mean—will probably be realised from this source.

5. Permission to fish for crocodiles will be granted on strictly moderate terms, and Dervish live-bait provided free of charge.

6. Wednesday in each week will be fixed as the Early Closing Day. On these occasions cheap trips up the Nile will be run, all boats calling at Fashoda.

7. Special advantages will be offered to shareholders on these occasions, such as permission to lunch in the KHALIFA's library, and to use the late potentate's brush and comb.

8. The Alligator-riding department will be under the experienced personal direction of Monsieur LOUIS DE WIDEWORLD, who will be prepared to give lessons in the noble art at three-and-sixpence an hour, including use of quiet alligator.

9. Subscribers for shares to the amount of £10 and upwards will be allowed the

\* Mr. Punch promptly declines, and warns the writer that he is now treading on Hooley ground.

privilege of poking the tame Dervishes up with a stick, between the hours of 10 and 4 each day (Saturdays 10 till 2).

10. A French *café* has already been established at Fashoda : this the English company will take over without delay. The present manager, Monsieur MARCHAND, is leaving.

11. The KHALIFA may join the Board after allotment. It is impossible to speak with any certainty of this, however, as he is at present on a flying expedition, and left Omdurman in too great a hurry to do anything but kindle the fire in a Kitchener.

## A GOOD MANY YEARS AFTERWARDS.

(An End-of-the-Century Sequel to the "Three Musketeers," by the shade of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Père.)

"But there are eight of us," said one of the D'ARTAGNANS, putting his hand to his brow and looking perplexed. "Four too many."

"And yet I am also BUCKINGHAM," replied his double.

"You say 'BUCKINGHAM'?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"When I am playing at Her Majesty's."

## HOME MARKETS ILLUSTRATED.



"Cane sugar and beet firm."

Then the two PORTOS (in the plural), and the two ARAMIS (in the plural), and the two ATHOS (in the plural) regarded one another.

"We tarried at the Haymarket."

"And we at the Globe."

And then they embraced.

"My friends, my dear friends," said the first D'ARTAGNAN, "this is not right. You should not fraternise. I must get an injunction."

"Why an injunction?"

"Because it is necessary."

"Yes."

"No."

Then "MILADI" interposed, and said that she was not bound to either band. She would do what she pleased in the future.

"But are we not musketeers? Are we not three musketeers doubled?"

They all cried "yes" together.

"Well, then, to remain brothers we must separate. There is not room for all of us in London. It is a sad thing for London."

"Yes," they cried again, altogether; "a very sad thing."

"But it must be done to preserve the peace."

"You mean the piece."

"Yes, the piece."

Then they embraced once more, and, leaving the Metropolis behind them, they sought adventure (in different directions) in the Provinces.

## SWIMMING CHAMPIONS AT WESTMINSTER.

—The Diva of the Divers seems, judging by a picture in the *Daily Graphic*, to have been "Miss FINNEY"—clearly a most appropriate name for a swimming and diving mermaid.

Mrs. TRIPPER (examining official notice on the walls of Boulogne). What's that mean, TRIPPER, "Pas de Calais"?

Tripper (who is proud of his superior acquaintance with a foreign language). It means—"Nothing to do with Calais," my dear. These rival ports are dreadfully jealous of one another!

EPIGRAPH ON A CHAMPION BILLIARD PLAYER.—"Taken his long rest."

## MR. PUNCH THE PROPHET.

"\* This Cartoon and the Lines following appeared in the Number dated April 13, 1895.



## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF; OR, THE MODERN ORACLE OF AMMON.

"The people (the Libyans) deeming themselves not Egyptians, and being discontented with the institutions, sent to the Oracle of Ammon, saying that they had no relation to the Egyptians. The god, however, said, 'that all the country which the Nile irrigated was Egypt.'"

*Herodotus, II., 15. B.C. 452.*

"I stated that, in consequence of these claims of ours and the claims of Egypt in the Nile Valley, the British sphere of influence covered the whole of the Nile waterway."—*Sir E. Grey in House of Commons, A.D. 1895.*

*John Bull.* "YOU SEE, NILUS, THE FATHER OF HISTORY AND I ARE OF THE SAME WAY OF THINKING. SO YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MY BOY, WHILE I'M HERE!"

\* \* \* \*

*Nilus.* But these Exploring Expeditions?  
*Mr. Bull.* Bogeys!  
Young GREY should reassure you, my old fogey.  
His words don't speak scuttle or shilly-shally,  
"My 'sphere of influence' covers the Nile Valley."  
Isn't that plain enough? God Ammon's nod  
Was hardly more decisive. It is odd  
How very like the Oracle's straight tip  
Was to Sir EDWARD's. A stiff upper lip  
Saves lots of talk. "Explorers" will prove skittish,  
But the whole Nile's Egyptian (and thus British).  
Just as HERODOTUS tells us Ammon said.  
Sir EDWARD, my dear Nile, has an old head

Upon young shoulders; courteous as a GRANVILLE,  
He comes down like a hammer on an anvil—  
Or Ammon on the Libyans—when 'tis needful.  
Of rumoured expeditions he is heedful  
But not afraid. Effective occupation?  
Why, that's a ticklish point—for many a nation.  
But why define it? EDWARD has a shorter way;  
He claims for me the whole of your long waterway,  
And plainly says intrusion would be viewed As—well, "unfriendly." Should the Frank intrude—  
*Nilus.* Ah! by the way, friend JOHN, whose head is yonder  
Protruding through the reeds?  
*Mr. Bull (loudly).* Humph! let him ponder

What he, perchance, has overheard. No mystery!

I simply nod with the great Sire of History. The *Times* and old HERODOTUS quite agree. And both speak for the Oracle—J. B., Or Jupiter Ammon. The *Débats* may differ (At the French Press, at best, I am no sniffer), But don't you be alarmed by spleenful sputter, Or what mere bouncing boulevardiers utter. From all intruders you'll be safe, if you But trust to the Old Oracle—and the New! Far cry, old boy, from PHARAOH to the GUELPH.

Funny how History does repeat itself!

## READING FOR THE RED.

*Mr. Punch, Sir.*—No doubt you have noticed a complaint made in the columns of one of your contemporaries that Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING puts into the mouth of the British soldier language to which he is entirely unaccustomed. The writer of the letter declares that all our red-coats are men of taste and culture. And, Sir, he is right. We are. If Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S clever opera *H.M.S. Pinafore* (I purposely ignore the name of the librettist) were revived, I believe it would attract but few members of the United Service. We warriors could not bear to hear the slightest reference to the "big, big D," even when the "D" is spoken of in terms of distinct disapproval.

However, as there is certainly a good deal of talent in some of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S compositions, I venture upon a suggestion which I feel sure he will be quite ready to adopt. Let there be an edition intended for our defenders only. In this volume, "When the band begins to play" might be rendered as "At the moment of the orchestra commencing the overture," and any colloquial reference to Our Gracious Sovereign might be altered to "Her Majesty the QUEEN-EMPEROR resident in her Berkshires Castle." If this were done, I am sure there would be no more complaints.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,  
THOMAS D'ATKINS  
(Private in Mufti).  
Swagger Square, Leave-on-Furlough.

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

[It is as great spite to be pained in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done."—*Ben Jonson's "Discoveries."*]

*DAPHNE,* when, ah! many a time  
With my Muse I fondly cope,  
Welding into painful rhyme  
Metaphor and flowery trope,  
Though the critic scowl and slate me,  
You at least appreciate me.

Slight when some my numbers dub  
(Others vote them harsh and crabbed),  
I can bear with sneer and snub.  
Feeble praise and censure rabid,  
Honey from the bramble gleaning,  
You find everywhere a meaning.

Yes, though when your artless skill  
Fathoms thus my verse I wonder,  
Read it, *DAPHNE*, as you will.  
Fain I'll leave you to your blunder,  
Since the truth you might resent—  
Twas for CHLOE it was meant.

*THE BARRED OF AVON.*—Those without permission to fish in the most charming of Hampshire streams.



AFTER THE FIRE.

Rustic (to burnt-out Farmer). "WE R-E-RESCUED THE B-E-BEER, ZUR!"

**DARBY JONES RESENTS AN ASPERSION  
ON NEWMARKET AND SPEAKS OF THE  
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.**

HONOURED SIR.—Yesterday I visited the Princely Mansion of one whom I may call an Aristocrat of the Ring, a Turf Titan, who, by an Astute System of Wagering such as might excite the envy of Mr. TERAH HOOLEY and other speculators in India-rubber Fixings and Medical Nick-nacks, has acquired a Fortune which would make many a Teutonic Potentate an Affluent Ruler in the Fatherland. In his recently-erected Suburban Palace my Esteemed Friend has naturally established that First Requisite of an English Gentleman, to wit, a well-stocked Library, rendering any visit to the neighbouring Free Establishment wholly superfluous. Among other many hundreds of Richly-bound Thesauri, there are of course to be found those Magnificent and Weighty Tomes known as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, without which no Domestic Circle can be educationally happy, and which, thanks to the lordly enterprise of Printing House Square, is now placed within reach of both Patrician and Plebeian. My Friend, who has but little leisure for studying Prose or Poetry, his spare moments being generally devoted to the refreshing relaxation of Pool, Skittles, Poker and Solo Whist, and being moreover not what is called a Man of Letters, requested me to consult the *Magnum opus* in question with regard to its opinion of Newmarket. I

could scarce believe my eyes, nor he his ears, when I read:—

"Newmarket has a somewhat peculiar reputation, and is called the metropolis of the Turf. The race-course is four miles in length of elastic turf; some hundred horses may be seen exercising on the Downs. There are seven race-meetings in the year. This and the neighbouring town of Royston, on the borders of Hertfordshire, have often been frequented by royalty. Many houses are inhabited by patrons of the Turf. Our literature abounds with references to Newmarket, which, truth to say, are of an unflattering description."

The italics are mine own. "A somewhat peculiar reputation"! "References of an unflattering description"! What does this Britannic Encyclopediast mean? According to his own showing, Royalty and Patrons of the Turf visit and reside in this Strictly-correct Town, which I have never seen alluded to by *Literati* save in the terms of the Highest Eulogy, the charges made by the Jockey Club always excepted. Why, then, this thusness? as the Comedian says in the Play. Captain KRITTERSON suggests that the B. E. had had a difference with the Stewards of the Turf Parliament, but you will notice, honoured Sir, that the Mysterious and Damnatory Lines aforesaid are not in any way directly connected with Equine Contests. The Riddle seemed as Dark as the Prehistoric Ages, when happily I came into contact, at Sandown Park, where I went after all, with your Amiable and Talented Friend Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, and to him I explained the Dilemma of my Understanding. He laughed heartily, and then said:

"These Great Books of Reference are compiled by Scholars of the most profound Learning, who live in a World all their own. No doubt the Writer of the Article in question turned up 'Newmarket' at the British Museum. What did he find? Something of this kind: 'Newmarket Heath notorious for the exploits of Highwaymen, especially of CLAUDE DUVAL,' and so on. That would be quite enough for him. Hence the 'peculiar reputation,' and the 'unflattering description.' He still believes that CLAUDE DUVAL & Co. ride about saying, 'Stand and deliver.' Perhaps they do, but we don't call them Highwaymen nowadays, eh, Mr. JONES?"

And with this he disappeared into the Members' Enclosure. Greatly relieved, I venture to string together some appreciations of the Cambridgeshire:—

Bold Ardent I will not advise,  
Nor Scotia's Cavalier claim,  
But the Pretty Recuse I shall prize  
When finishing Benedict's game.  
Shell-not-set the Look out shod not fear,  
But beware of the Man of the Sea;  
When Please to Remember is near,  
Look out for the Fowl going free.  
But my choices are first the Sky Saint,  
With The Place in which beasts are confined,  
While Artisan's fresh as new paint,  
Then Unravelled is not far behind."

With all diffidence, I am, honoured Sir, your devoted Henchman and Heeler,

DARBY JONES.

PRICKLY FRUIT FOR AMERICAN CONSUMPTION.—The Philip-pines.



*First "Growler."* "ULLOAH, WILLIAM, WHERE ARE YER TAKIN' THAT LITTLE LOT?"  
*Second "Growler."* "HARARAT! DON'T YER SEE I'M NAVIGATIN' THE HARB!"

#### THE EMPEROR'S JOURNAL.

"One curious episode in connection with the Emperor's reforms was his attempt to establish in Shanghai a journal which should explain and support his policy."—*The Times.*

*Shanghai, Monday.*—Reform is the order of the day. Candidates for the Premiership are no longer examined in penmanship. Yes, I have done much, but much remains to do. We must be thoroughly western, and up-to-date. We must— What next? Happy thought! I'll govern by journalism. I'll buy a newspaper and "inspire" the articles.

*Tuesday.*—Have bought *The Shanghai Chopsticks*. Proprietor at first refused to sell, but when I ordered the boiling oil he became more reasonable. Editor reports that circulation is not what it ought to be. Must see to this. Happy thought! Will publish proclamation, "Any person found not in possession of *The Shanghai Chopsticks* (current number) will be suicided."

*Wednesday.*—Editor reports extraordinary increase in circulation. Office was besieged for several hours this morning, demand being greatly in excess of supply. Now for business. Don't half like the way Russia is going on at Port Arthur. Must take her down a peg or two. Shall make speech to-night and have it reported.

*Thursday.*—Russian Ambassador round in a fury. Wants to know what I mean by speech. Endeavour to pacify him, but he storms madly, and threatens to make me "a sphere of influence." Begin to explain that this is exactly what I am trying to make myself, but Russians have no sense of humour, and my remark, intended to be facetious, only riles him. Set to work to conciliate him. After he has blown off steam a little, he talks more sensibly, and explains that Britain has become so cock-a-hoop over my speech, there is no standing it. I sympathise; I say I know what Britain can be. "Then," says he, "I insist upon your snubbing her." I reflect. I don't quite see how—Happy thought! Yes, of course, I was mis-reported. "All right!" I exclaim. "I'll snub Britain. I'll kill reporter."

*Friday.*—This morning *The Shanghai Chopsticks* contained the following paragraph: "The Emperor regrets that the report of

his speech contained in our issue of yesterday's date is entirely erroneous. The reporter has been beheaded." There! I thought, that will set everything right. But I was mistaken. Just as I was lurching (capital puppy-pie), who should appear but the British Ambassador. If Russia was angry yesterday, what was Britain to-day? What did I mean by killing the reporter? Did I take the British Lion for a Tame Tom Cat, that would meekly put this insult in its pipe and smoke it? I assured the British Ambassador that I was under no such delusion; that so far from wishing to offend Great Britain— For a long time he refused to listen, but when his wrath had somewhat subsided, he explained that Russia had become intolerably conceited after the snub I had given to Britain. I sympathised; I said I knew what Russia could be; in fact we quite warmed to each other discussing the foibles of our common foe. "Of course," he said, as he rose to go, "you will give a countervailing snub to Russia." "Of course," I answered, "I'll kill another reporter." "Reporter be —" he exclaimed; "you must make it an editor." I hesitated. "What! You won't?" he cried. "I'll bring the British fleet to Shanghai, and Lord CHARLES —, he's at Pekin already." I hesitated no longer. "Very well," I cried. "I'll crush Russia. I'll kill the editor."

*Saturday.*—Have walls ears? How else was my project known? That editor, who owed me everything—why, his circulation had gone up by leaps and bounds beyond all precedent—what did he do? Oh! base ingratitude! Instead of cheerfully leaping into the boiling oil, he sent a wire to Auntie, and Auntie came in a towering rage, and declared she had had enough of my reforms and newspapers and western nonsense; and she pulled me off the throne, shut me up in a dark cupboard, and threatens me with suicide. Alas for the fate of those that are born before their time! China is not yet ripe for that great institution, government by journalism. I fear she is fitter for Auntie.

**QUERY FOR POSTAL AUTHORITIES.**—Are dead letters at the Dead Letter Office subject to a Post-mortem examination? If this rule ever existed, has it itself become a Dead Letter?

## DIARY OF A WOULD-BE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

[*A propos* of the withdrawal of Mr. GWILLYM EVANS, formerly Liberal candidate for the Carmarthen and Llanelli Boroughs, a daily paper remarks that in a large number of constituencies the essential qualities of a good Party candidate are neither eloquence nor knowledge, but an imperturbable good temper, a thick skin, and a long purse.]

*October 1.*—Have decided to contest the borough of Little Pedlington. I am the reverse of eloquent, and have no knowledge whatever, but my temper is good, my skin thick, and my purse long. The present Member, on the contrary, though a sound politician, is poor, and lacks imperturbability. Agent says I have a good chance of election, and wants to know in whose interest I am going to stand. "My own," I reply. He is suitably impressed by my candour.

*October 5.*—Have been round constituency, kissed all the babies, and shaken hands with all the chimney-sweepers. Unpleasant, but must keep up my character for good temper.

*October 10.*—Opposition paper says I'm a carpet bagger, a cur, and a fool. Remember my thick skin and smile genially. Subscribe to Football Club, Hockey Club, Working Men's Provident Club, Dispensary, Hospital, Soup-kitchen, Blanket and Beef-tea Fund. My wife opens four bazaars, and buys largely at each. I lay a foundation stone, and answer (favourably) twenty begging letters. *Mem.*—Lay in a stock of cheque-books.

*October 30.*—Made my first speech in constituency. No orator, and nothing to say, but remembered that that is of no importance. Several eggs thrown at me. About to protest, but agent's eve upon me. Assumed imperturbability; thanked my audience for this token of their friendship, and hoped the next eggs would be fresher. This suggestion received with cheers. Agent says I made a favourable impression. Subscribed to local Children's Holiday Fund, local Orphan Asylum, local brass band. Answered forty begging letters. Favourably, of course.

*December 15.*—Made my second speech. Much disturbance at back of Hall. Several of my constituents hurled uncomplimentary epithets at me, and two invited me to fight. Smiled blandly, remembering the necessity of a thick skin. Thick skull also essential, apparently, for brickbat caught me on the head as I emerged from the building. No matter. Agent says things are going splendidly. Opened another bazaar, and laid another foundation stone: became president of three football clubs, one hockey club, and the Blanket and Beef-tea Fund, with enhanced subscriptions in each case. Liberal donations to "waits," "earn" singers, bell-ringers, children's Christmas tree, old men's Christmas dinner, old women's Christmas Goose Club. *Mem.*—Replenish purse. Winter always an expensive time, my agent tells me. Shall be grateful for Spring. Received sixty begging letters.

*March 25.*—Again visit Little Pedlington. Opposition paper has been trying into my family affairs. Says my father was in receipt of out-door relief, and hints that my wife is no better than she should be. Inclined to resent this, but agent says that would be thin-skinned. Write a humorous letter to the paper instead denouncing these aspersions. Accepted the presidency of three cricket clubs, a tennis club, a golf club, a skittle club, a boating club, a croquet club, and a club for playing bowls. Subscribed suitably to each. Summer no better than Winter, after all, as far as subscriptions are concerned. Shook hands with all the chimney-sweepers again, and re-kissed the babies after my long absence. Agent assures me my popularity is something wonderful. Have promised my support to Women's Suffrage, Old Age Pensions, One Man One Vote, Anti-Vaccination, Early-Closing, Local Option, Home Rule for Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Wight, and the Isle of Dogs. Received, and answered one hundred begging letters, enclosing something in reply to each. Purse getting very lean indeed.

*July 10.*—At Little Pedlington to open Flower Show (to which I am a handsome subscriber). Next week. Fruit and Garden Show, to be followed by Cat Show, Dog Show, Cattle Show (and Doge Show, for ought I know). Shall open each in turn, and meantime subscribe to all of them. Almost afraid to go to bank, where my account is seriously overdrawn. If this sort of thing continues, I shall have to retire from the contest. Opposition newspaper more and more venomous. Agent says it's a tribute to my success. If my election prospects were not so good, it would not be worth their while to attack me. Newspaper talks about my bribing the electors. Absurd. Agent assures me I have done nothing forbidden by the Corrupt Practices Act. Am glad to hear it. Don't want to spend five thousand a year on "nursing" a constituency only to be unseated on petition.

*September 15.*—General election. Intense excitement. Insults of the opposition redoubled. I remain imperturbable. Am getting used to it now. I allow any one to kick me so long as he



S.H.

## THE FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

*Emma.* "Now, Miss MARGERY, LEAVE OFF CRYING, AND BE GOOD."

*Margery.* "How ca-can I be g-good without a POCKET-HAND-KERCHIEF!"

has a vote. My agent says I am quite right, and, after all, my skin, though physically somewhat tender, is, metaphorically, as thick as ever, thicker even.

*September 16.*—Am elected by triumphant majority. Agent congratulates me. My wife delighted. Shall go abroad to economise till Parliament meets.

## ALL WRITE!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Did you see this notice among the "Situations Vacant," in the *Times*?

"SALARY to young UNIVERSITY MAN.—Well-read man, literary taste, not afraid of hard work, to assist in preparing advertisements. £2 weekly, rapid increase if able to write."

"If able to write," indeed! Educational reformers demand too much of the Universities, but surely, I thought, surely they go in thoroughly for the three R's, at any rate. Judge of my astonishment when I turned a page and read in the same issue, in a scholarship announcement:

"Candidates should communicate their wish to stand to the Master of Pembroke on or before November 26. Those who have been unable to communicate by letter should call on the Master."

The italics, Sir, are mine. What a shocking state of affairs! What is the use of our discussing schemes for teaching our future housemaids to play the piano, our future ploughmen the elements of electro-biology, if our University candidates cannot write? I expect daily to see other advertisements, such as this:

"University graduate wanted. One who can write a little preferred," or "M.A. required for City office. Only those who can add up figures need apply."

Yours truly,

D. UNDERHEAD.



*H.* "NELLIE, JUST LOOK AT THAT MAN STANDING BEHIND ME. I DON'T THINK I EVER  
SAW ANY ONE SO PLAIN!"  
*S.* "HUSH, DEAR; YOU FORGET YOURSELF!"

#### THE HERO'S PROGRESS;

OR, OUT OF THE FIRE INTO THE FRYING-PAN.

[On Thursday, October 27, the Sirdar is to arrive at Dover, where he will be entertained by the Mayor. On November 4 he will be presented with the Freedom of the City and a banquet at the Mansion House. It is calculated that the gallant officer will be invited to complimentary dinners every night till at least the end of the year.] —*Daily Paper.*

WELCOME from war's alarms,  
From sultry regions where  
The howls of scattered harems  
Infest the fetid air!  
Welcome, our honour's Warden!  
Who surely shall not fail  
To cross your final Jordan  
To-morrow, with the mail.

The heat was more than pleasant  
Where you have lately stayed;  
With us it's not at present  
Excessive in the shade;  
So please to fasten flannel  
Next to your skin, and O!  
If wind disturbs the Channel  
Be wise and keep below!

May she (the boat), O KITCHENER,  
That bears you homeward bound  
Have less of roll and pitch in her  
Than commonly is found!  
Fair breezes waft you over  
In Fortune's steady clutch,  
And may the Mayor of Dover  
Not bore you very much!

Their gift of local ransom  
Our City Fathers bring;

The casket's rather handsome—  
You know the kind of thing;  
Brace up your nerves—you'll need 'em  
Far more than down the Nile  
To swallow, with your Freedom,  
The Aldermanic smile!

Then at the banquet, later,  
Both Peers and common men  
Will say the sword is greater  
Than any writing-pen;  
Your chiefs will own you've shaken  
The Soudan into shape  
As well as if you'd taken  
Their tips—on office tape.

For months you'll sit inflated  
Above the festal board,  
Intolerably sated,  
Consumedly adored;  
Thus will be supplemented  
That promise of the East  
Which says a mind contented  
Is one continuous feast.

Not for the modest bearing  
That marks your youthful years,—  
Not for the fearless daring  
That faced the Dervish spears,—  
For these no apprehension  
Compels my heart to shake,  
But for your waistcoat's tension,  
But for your inside's sake!

O by the somewhat gory  
Fights for the KHEDIVE's flag,—  
O by the hallowed story  
Of MARCHAND's travelling rag,—  
O, after bravely meeting  
The brunt of Egypt's clime,  
Don't go, through over-eating,  
And perish in your prime!

#### SAFE CARDS.

QUEEN WILHELMINA and the Queen-Mother went to Amsterdam the other day from "the Castle of Loo." What a delightful name! Are there also in the neighbourhood the Palace of Poker, the Villa of Whist, Baccarat Barracks, Cribbage Cottage, and so forth? Is "the Castle of Loo" a great hunting lodge where several packs are kept? At present, whoever may be the Court Cards visiting the Castle of Loo, its chief royal occupants are the "Queen(-Mother) of Diamonds," and WILHELMINA, "Queen of Hearts," always welcomed with a flourish of trumps.

#### The Perils of a Conversazione.

Miss Fillip (to gentleman whose name she did not catch when introduced). Have you read *A Modern Heligobolus*?

*H.* Yes, I have.

*M.* All through?

*H.* Yes, from beginning to end.

*M.* Dear me! I wonder you're alive! How did you manage to get through it?

*H.* (differently). Unfortunately, I wrote it. [Miss F. catches a distant friend's eye.]

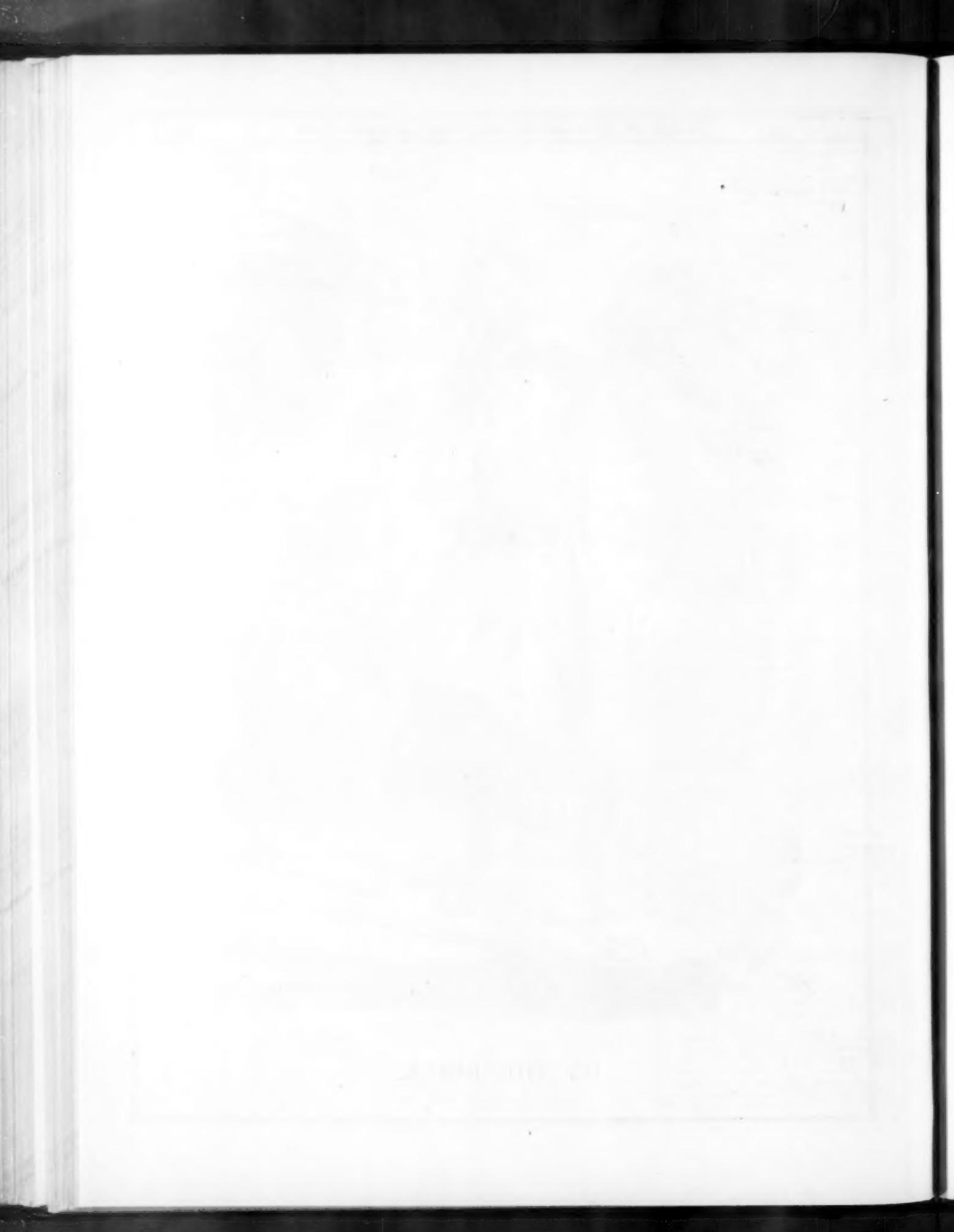
#### Over the Stubble.

Mr. Winchester Poppit (at the luncheon by the coppice). I must say that I like to see partridges driven.

Captain Treadfoot Trotter (who believes in shooting over dogs). No doubt, Mr. Poppit; you'd like to see the poor birds driven in a coach, or a tandem, or a curricule; or, if I may judge by the way you sent my pointer round the last field, ye'd wish to put 'em in a circus!



ON THE BRINK.





## A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Jones (who has just missed for the fifteenth consecutive time). "DEAR ME! MOST EXTRAORDINARY! WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER!" Keeper. "BEG PARDON, SQUIRE. I'M THINKING THE MAKER OF THEM CARTRIDGES MUST HAVE FORGOT TO PUT IN THE SHOT!"

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL has been writing for so long, and so brilliantly, that an insatiate public would not have just cause to complain if, like other rich mines, he gave signs of panning out. *The Romance of a Midshipman* (FISHER UNWIN), his latest production, will, my Baronite confidently affirms, rank among his best. It is full of those inimitable touches of description which bring the sight of the sea to the eyes, its scent to the nostrils, its multitudinous murmuring to the ear. CLARK RUSSELL, alack! has not looked upon the ocean for many years. To read his last book, one would think he had just come off a voyage, with memory saturated with the sea in its infinitude of moods and aspects. Every page pulsates with adventure. DE ROUGEMONT (writing the name makes my Baronite GRIS), in the highest flight of his imagination, has nothing to equal the incident of meeting the abandoned ship, with only a lion for captain, a snake and a monkey for crew. Or, even more fantastic, the floating island with the sea-worthy schooner, providentially for the castaways, docked in its midst. In the opening chapters Mr. RUSSELL breaks fresh ground with an account, evidently reminiscent of personal experience, of a French school for English boys. This is as good as chapters in DAUDET'S *Jack*, or DU MAURIER'S *Peter Ibbetson*.

Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have brought out a revised and enlarged edition of *The Reader's Handbook*, with its lucid explanations and allusions, references, dramatic plots and classical stories. The familiar and indispensable work has a pathetic interest in its new dress, since the preface is written by Dr. BREWER'S daughter. He, "the onlie begetter" of the book, died in March last year, before he had finished correcting the proofs of the revised edition. He has left behind him a monument of intelligent, well-directed assiduity that will be as enduring and far more useful than anything, how costly soever, that might be turned out in marble. Our old friend needs no introduction. But it may be said that in his new dress he is portlier than ever, the revised edition numbering 1,501 pages as against 1,399 of its predecessor. As each page is a mine of information, my Baronite thinks this will be welcome news.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

## YELLOW JACK.

"The 'immune' (i.e., one who has had yellow fever) is free from every defect of blood and bone. His flesh becomes as pink and his body as pure as that of a healthy new-born babe. With the renewal of his strength begins a new life. He is contented, sunny in disposition, industrious, unaffected by changes of fortune, and certainly happy."—U.S.A. Army Department Report on Cuba.]

Away with all your physics and your tonics and your pills!

Away with "treatments," massage and unnecessary ills!

Have done with all your hospitals, and bid the doctors pack!

We've got a cure for everything. Hurrah for Yellow Jack!

We'll set you right where'er you're wrong, in heart or lung or brain;

And if your trouble is old age, we'll make you young again.

Walk up, walk up, please, gentlemen, and we will send you back Sound as a bell when you have had a dose of Yellow Jack.

Your sorrows all will disappear when once you are "immune," And life be like a garden in the rosy dawn of June; You'll never know an ache or pain, you'll never more feel slack, The blues will vanish when you've had a dose of Yellow Jack.

And you that love the public-house, where angry passions rise, You will no longer want to fight and black each other's eyes, You'll stay and nurse the baby, and you'll never, never whack Your wife and children when you've tried a dose of Yellow Jack.

In short, you'll be a model of the virtues and of health; We'll set you on the surest road to happiness and wealth; There's only one proviso, and we will not keep it back— It's this—you must recover from your dose of Yellow Jack.

## At Newmarket.

Lady Plongère (to Sir CHARLES HAMDOOT). Oh! Sir CHARLES, please put me a tenner each way on the favourite.

Sir Charles. But will you repay me the money laid out?

Lady P. (sweetly). Of course I will, if I win.

[Sir C. forgets to execute the commission.



*Swell.* "MIND MY HORSE, BOY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU TWOPENNYE."  
*Boy.* "I WILL, IF YOU'LL MIND THE BABY!"

#### AS NOW WORN; OR, THE CENT'S ARBITER OF FASHION.—1.

DEAR BASIL,—As you are still ruralising in the Far West of England, you will doubtless like me to keep you informed of the latest sartorial news from Tooley Street and other head-quarters of masculine fashion.

In the first place, I see in this morning's paper that the new dress-coat, which is ready to be launched for the forthcoming winter, will have the lappel decorated with raised floral designs instead of the usual plain silk facings. This is not quite correct. I have private information from a very high authority that the really dressy *fracs* will have lappels of art-canva picket out in zigzag tapestry pattern with lemon-yellow and pea-green eighteenth-century cross-stitch. The body of the coat, it is whispered, will show a welcome change in colour from the customary black to the charming tint known as *vieux vert de bouteille*, and should be quite shiny. Let me give you a hint, if you want to obtain the *dernier cri* in this style. You cannot do better than go to Messrs. Moyses & Co., the celebrated outfitters of Petticoat Lane, and get them to supply you with a well-matured *habit d'occasion*. Your nearest female relative should then hem on to the lappels two carefully-shaped gores, cut from one of her grandmother's samplers, if she is as fortunate to possess such a treasure. (If not, it may, no doubt, be picked up in Wardour Street.) Another useful wrinkle is to have one of the new combination "dickey"-and-waistcoats, brought out by an inventive peer of my acquaintance. They have no back, and hang on one button at the neck. On account of the sootiness of the London climate, they are made to turn. A great saving in your washing bill can thus be effected. Lord X.'s invention is really one of

the most ripping ideas I have heard of for a long time. With a few touches to the *pantalon*, the costume is equally suitable for a fancy-dress ball or one of those delightful *Cinq-Novembre* parties now being made up in town and country. Any how, thus arrayed, you will no longer be mistaken for a waiter. As to your neck-wear, see my next.

ZEDWYKE.

#### READY FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1900.

UNINTELLIGIBLE telegram restored from a tearing in pieces, and used by an official subsequently charged with double dealing.

Report of confidential proceedings compiled for the use of no body in particular by an anonymous writer.

Rough draft of a manifesto relative to a plot that existed only in the imagination.

Small flag for plantation anywhere when no one was looking. Portable, and intended for the tropics.

A scheme for a Russian loan to strengthen the beautiful alliance.

A hundred ministerial resignations extending over a period of five years.

Collar of honour presented by the Army to the State.

Tail of the charger of BOULANGER.

Eagle of NAPOLEON THE THIRD in a glass case.

Buttons cut off the uniform of ex-Captain DREYFUS.

Knife of the guillotine, representing the only lasting government of France.

"WHO" WILFULLY "BREAKS" WINDOWS, "PAYS."—This is a clear illustration of the law of "panes and penalties."

#### THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

[“The tax-collector has been bewailing his lot in the *Daily Chronicle*. It seems that he is the hardest wrought of mortals. Eight hours day? Wouldn't he like to see it! 9 A.M. till midnight is nearer the mark, and brain-work all the time.”—*Daily Paper.*]

On! ye who fear and tremble, ye  
Who curse in fury when ye see,  
Standing upon your threshold, me,  
Unwelcome spectre,  
Yes, at the moment when ye fly  
My presence, I would fain draw nigh  
And claim your pity, even I,  
The tax-collector.

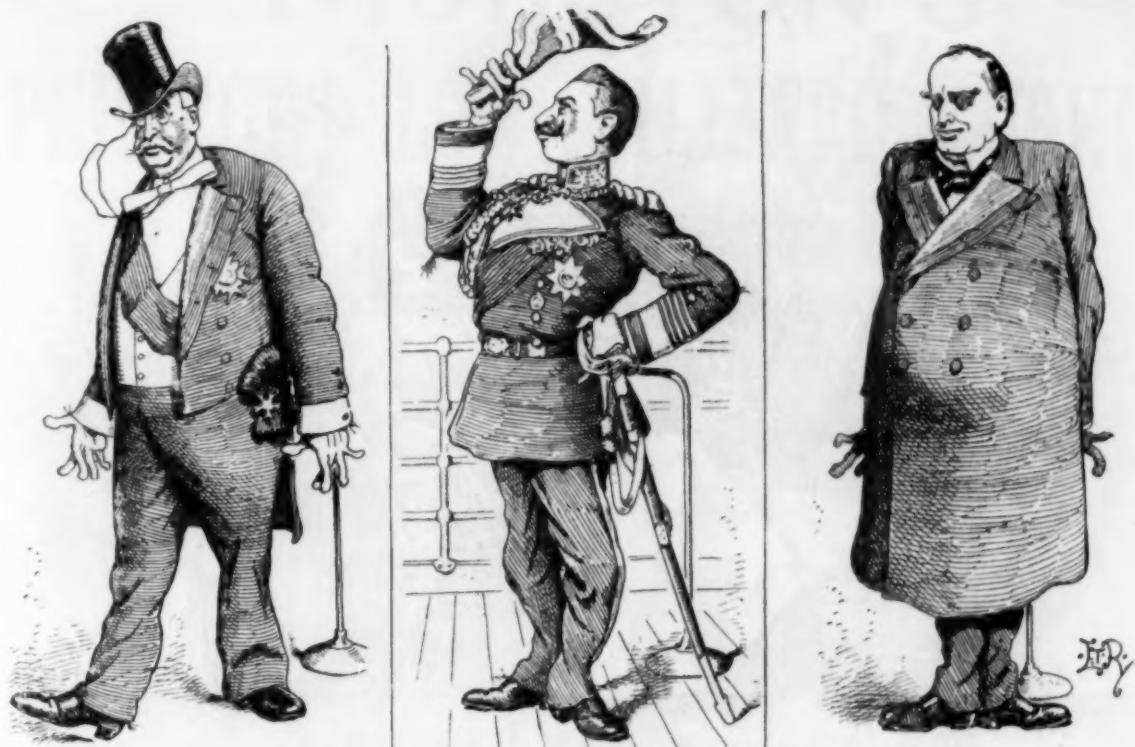
Ah! do not fancy, when I call  
And linger long about the hall,  
That I am one whose life is all  
Honey and nectar.  
Oh! pity him whom all do ban,  
Both those that can't pay and that can,  
As the great enemy of man,  
The tax-collector.

Natural foes, for once at one,  
Agree to hate me—father, son;  
Creditor, debtor; dunne and dun;  
Curate and rector;  
Critic and author; High Church, Low;  
Grub Street and Paternoster Row,  
Find common ground in common foe,  
The tax-collector.

Yet underneath my baleful form  
Have I a heart would fain beat warm,  
And if at times I rave and storm,  
Bully and hector.  
Have I not cause? When midnight's nigh,  
Snug in your blankets you may lie,  
And sweetly dream; but not so I,  
The tax-collector.

Then must I toil, with eyes grown dim,  
And swirling brain and aching limb,  
To make my books all taut and trim  
For the inspector.  
Friend, as you turn in cosy cot.  
Oh! spare a thought for my hard lot,  
And thank your stars that you are not  
The tax-collector.

WHERE THE CHURCH AND THE BAR ARE UNITED.—St. Paul's Churchyard.



### THE ANTI-ANARCHIST BOMB-PROOF CLOCK-WORK SUBSTITUTE RULER.

(Patented in America.)

[“There is nothing surprising in the device adopted by the Chicago police of sending out a dummy President to bow to the populace and clear the air, as it were, by receiving any bombs or bullets that might be going.” —*The Globe, October 20.*]

#### THE DISPUTE.

(Arranged for the stage by a distinguished foreign dramatist.)

**SCENE**—The exterior of a residence. A hansom cab stops before the door, and a fare descends with some difficulty. He slowly gives the driver some silver.

*The Driver.* What is this? What do you call this?

*The Fare.* It is one shilling and sixpence. It is certainly one-and-six.

*The Driver.* You had better retain it for your quarter's washing. Yes, it would be better were you to retain it for your quarter's washing.

*The Fare.* No, I will not retain it for my quarter's washing. I will give it to you for your fare. I give it to you as your fare. I give it to you because it is your fare.

*The Driver.* It is not my fare. It is certainly not my fare.

*A Bystander.* Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

*The Driver.* I suppose you call yourself a gentleman? I am sure you think yourself a gentleman.

*The Fare.* I would like to have your number. I certainly require your number.

*The Driver.* My number is on my badge. My badge is covered by a cloth. You will find my number on my badge. You will see my number on my badge.

*The Fare.* I do not see the number on your badge. I do not see your badge. I see the cloth but not your badge. I do not see it at all.

*The Driver.* You have not eyes. You certainly have not eyes. I cannot lend you eyes. I cannot give you eyes.

*A Bystander.* Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money. Yes, it would be better.

*The Fare.* You came to Warwick Square from the Stores of the

Army and the Navy. It is less than three miles. It is certainly less than three miles. I am quite sure it is less than three miles.

*The Driver.* It is more than three miles. It is very much more than three miles. You had better pay your quarter's washing. Why do you not pay your quarter's washing?

*Crowd.* It is certainly more than three miles.

*A Bystander.* Why do you not pay the man his money? It would be better were you to pay the man his money.

*Crowd.* Yes, it would be better. Why do you not pay the man his money?

*The Driver.* I cannot waste my time. I wasted time while he posted a letter. I wasted a great deal of time while he posted a letter. I wasted quite an hour. I cannot waste hours while he posts letters. I cannot waste time at all.

*The Fare.* I posted my letter before I hailed you. I posted it in the pillar-box before you drove up. I certainly posted it before you drove up.

*Crowd.* Why do you not pay the man his money?

*The Driver.* It is wrong to rob a poor man of his money. It is very wrong to rob a poor man. It is not like a gentleman. It is not at all like a gentleman.

*Crowd.* Yes, it is very wrong. We are sorry for the driver. We are very sorry for the driver. Why do you not pay the poor man his money?

*The Fare.* I have paid him his money. I certainly have paid him one-and-six. I am quite sure I have paid him his money.

*A Bystander.* I think a constable is coming. I am certain a constable is coming. I can see him coming. I see him coming close to us. I see him coming quite close to us.

*Constable.* You had better move on. All of you had better move on. Indeed, you had better move on.

*The Driver (heard in the distance).* Why did he not pay his quarter's washing? I think the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. I am sure the one-and-six would have paid his quarter's washing. Why did he not pay his washing?

(Curtain.)



Arthur Hopkins

## LITERATURE—THE OLD AND THE NEW.

*Uncle Ben (who entertains a profound admiration for everything in connection with his niece). "ONE OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS, I'LL BE BOUND. A CAPITAL PRACTICE, MY DEAR, FOR AN HOUR OR TWO IN THE MORNING. WHAT IS IT? SHAKESPEARE, MACAULAY, POPE!" Niece (with some reluctance). "OH, WELL, IT'S "HOW TO TREAT A HUSBAND ON THE HONEYMOON"!"*

## THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.

(From Our Extra Special Correspondent at Pekin.)  
By private wire. Copyright.

I HAVE had the unusual good fortune to obtain an exclusively private and confidential report of the recent medical inspection from a Deputy-Assistant Grand High Tea-kettle Holder in the Imperial Palace, who put his finger through a paper window, and then put his eye where his finger had been. It is in this manner that information is usually obtained here. The unfortunate gentleman has since been beheaded. However, before this unpleasant incident in the affair, I had heard from him that the conversation was as follows:

*Doctor. Bonjour, Madame. Ah, voilà le cher malade! Eh bien, comment allons-nous?*

*Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me speakee—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! We no speakee Flench, we speakee Inglis.*

*Doctor. Parbleu! Que faire? Eh bien, essayons! I spik somin vords of English, oh yass! 'Ow go ve?*

*Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench, me—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! He all light. Topaside galore.*

*Doctor. Qu'est-ce qu'elle dit? 'E mak vairy beootifool vezzair to-day, oh yass! But ze dear ill, zat go vell?*

*Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee Flench—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign barbalian, you speakee velly bad Ingliis.*

*Doctor. Sapristi! Je comprends à peine. Ze Anglisch are a vairy bad, veekeed people, oh yass! Zey vould vill to tak Fashoda, oh yass! But 'ow go ve?*

*Kwang Hsu. Me no speakee—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! You foleign devil, say he is all light, chop chop.*

*Doctor. Ah ça, non! Mille fois non! 'E must not to eat ze*

shop of mouton. A leetel cöldette, pairraps. But absolument not of English plates. Zey are vairy onailzy, oh yass! You 'ave good appetit!

*Kwang Hsu. Me no—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! You topside, number one, foleign foolee, you hully up, and you go.*

*Doctor. Ah, c'est ça! Il faut partir! Eh vell, zis dear ill. I go to say 'e is not souffrant, 'e is but a leetel faible, a leetel annimick, oh yass! You are a leetel faible?*

*Kwang Hsu. Me—*

*His Aunt. Shutee up! All light. You go back to Palis, chop chop. Plenty, gleat, big, topside, number one lot of goodee Chinese doctors come here givee him plenty, muchee physic. I givee him plenty, muchee physic. Then he all light. Dontee wantee you. Chin chin.*

*Doctor. Diable! Je n'en comprehends pas un mot. Eh bien, ce n'est pas la peine! Zen I go to write a leetel ordonnance for ze dear ill. I shall 'er send more late. Pairmeet zat I 'ave zo honneur you to say goodevening.*

**SKOLASTIKOS.**—Master LOWER FOURTH writes to say that, “taking, as he is compelled to do, a great interest in the manners and customs of the ancients, he wishes to ascertain whether a work called *Bacchylides*, published by MACMILLAN, is all about ladies, or, as ‘ARRY calls them, ‘Lidies,’ smoking cigarettes, and hence the title ‘Baccy-Lidies?’” Perhaps his Headmaster will reply.

**BEFORE THE RISE.**—“Zounds, Sir!” said the irate millionaire. “How could I have seen the younger KEAN? Why, in his day, I was a boy in an office.” “Quite so,” returned his friend, in a conciliatory tone, “and while you were there they tell me the floor was swept most beautifully.”

# THURSTON'S "PERFECT" LOW BILLIARD CUSHIONS ARE STILL UNEQUALLED.

These Cushions are very fast. They are made of the very finest solid Vulcanized Rubber, and can be relied upon for correctness of angle and durability in any temperature. THURSTON's "PERFECT" Low CUSHIONS are fitted to Her Majesty's Billiard Tables at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and Osborne.

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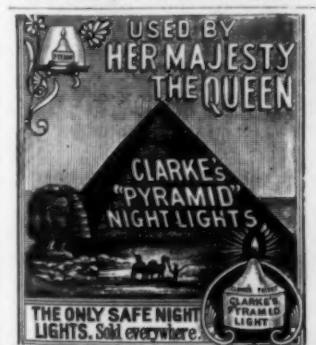
**THURSTON & CO., LTD.,**

Established  
1814.

(*The Parent House of the Trade.*)

**Sole Warrant of Her Majesty THE QUEEN.**

By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.



BLISS'S STANDARD  
TWEEDS  
are especially adapted for Hunting, Riding,  
Shooting, Goring and Fishing.

## HIERATICA

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Of all Stationers, or send stamp to Hieratica Works, 66, Upper Thames Street, London.

Martell's  
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